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THE MAKING OF THE NEW IRELAND

AN ESSAY IN SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY

Chiefly About the Relation Between the Cultural Studies Conducted
by the Gaelic League and the Social and Industrial Re-
nascence in Ireland, with a Critical Account
of the Contributions by the Irish
Gaels to Creative
Literature.

BY

J. D. LOGAN, M.A., Ph.D., (Harvard)

(Member Executive Committee, Toronto Branch of the Gaelic League)

Editor of The Toronto Sunday World. Author of "The
Structural Principles of Style," "The Religious
Function of Comedy," "Quantitative
Punctuation," Etc., Etc.

DHO CHUM
GLOIRE DHE



AGUS ONORA
NA H-EIREANN

TORONTO
Published by the Gaelic League
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The Flag of the Golden Harp

How noble in its symbolism is the Flag of the Irish Gaels, its single emblem of the Golden Harp eloquently commemorating an ancient people's love of the ineluctable possessions of the soul,—which imperial armies can neither give nor take away! Behold, those high-flung cloths that flaunt themselves in pride before the martial camps and battle lines and sovereign argosies of mighty nations are, alas! the inglorious memorials of human avarice, warfare and conquest. But that cloth of green whose only insignium is

“The harp that once through Tara's hall
The soul of music shed”—

reflects the pristine spirit of a right royal race of men who were peculiarly gifted with the imaginative vision of reality, who loved the beautiful things of earth and sea and sky and who served only the arts of peaceful industry and domestic joy.

They were the true Lords of Earth, and of them I sing:

Not they who crown themselves the Kings of Man
By conquest and the ruthless sov'reignty
Of iron hands that hold the world in fee
To martial Might and Lust: nor they who scan
The books of Science for subtle thoughts to plan
Destructive engines, or possess the key
To Power's sway o'er the Nations' destiny:—
Not Sassenach or Teuton, who *know* and *can*,—
Are Earth's true Lords. But these shall never fail
Who serve the Arts of Peace and Joy: and men,
As in the Keltic prime, shall still again
Exalt the ancient Kymri and the Gael,—
Lords of the Spirit and the inward Ken
Who wrought for Love and made his name prevail.

FOR THE COMPELLING BEAUTY OF A GLORIOUS IDEAL

DEDICATED TO

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.,

Co-founder and President of the Gaelic League;

LEONARD D'ARCY HINDS,

President of the Toronto Branch of the Gaelic League;

NORA MORIARTY,

Vice-President of the Toronto Branch of the Gaelic League;

PATRICK B. LEWIS,

Instructor in Irish, Toronto Branch of the Gaelic League;

FRANK J. WALSH,

Provincial President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Ontario.

ANDREW HERNON,

Past County President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, York Co.,
Ontario;

MARGARET L. HART,

President of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society, Toronto;

WALTER S. McLAY, M.A.,

Professor of English Language and Literature, McMaster University,
Toronto;

ALFRED T. DELURY, M.A.,

Professor of Mathematics, University of Toronto;

JAMES F. KENNEY, M.A.

Fellow in Political Science, University of Toronto;

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE,

Journalist; Editorial staff *The Toronto World*,

Who, though, as it happens, differing privately in theological dogma and
conceptions of political government, have voluntarily and graciously
ignored differences in creed and politics that they might be
of one mind in their devotion to the cause of the
spiritual enfranchisement of the Gaelic Genius.



PREFACE

The following essay is based on two lectures delivered by invitation before the Literary Society of McMaster University and the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society, Toronto. It is important to remark that the lectures were delivered by special invitation, and that the one society is in religious creed Protestant; the other, Papist: for these facts prove that both Protestants and Papists of the Keltic strain have heard of the work of the Gaelic League and have asked to be correctly informed about its origin, its ideals, its methods, and, in the Aristotelian sense, its social significance.

For two reasons I have felt constrained to publish this essay: first, that existing prejudices against the Gaelic League may be removed from the minds both of unsympathetic, or apathetic, Kelts and of misinformed Sassenachs; and, secondly, that the *Right* of the Irish Gaels to a "rational continuation" of their peculiar and glorious past may be established and this right recognized by themselves as well as by the militant race which is now politically dominant over the Keltic people who were once, when free and regnant, "the finest flower of civilization."

Judging by the cartoons, and by the witticisms of the "paragrapher" of an influential local evening newspaper, for which the president of the Toronto branch of the Gaelic League and myself form good material for caricature or comic treatment, anyone uninformed in the matter would almost be persuaded that the members of the Gaelic League are seditious persons,—Fenians, agents of the Clan-na-Gael, dynamiters; or if not these, then, at worst, poor wandering, sad-eyed sentimental faddists, the futile devotees of a superstitious literary cult.

Here I might stop, simply remarking that such conceptions of the Gaelic Leaguers are silly, were it not that the editor—not the proprietor—of the journal referred to has expressed himself as opposed to the Gaelic League chiefly because the organization is attempting, as our critic put it, "to promote uncreative ideas."

Uncreative ideas! Instead of replying to our critic by methods of precise argumentation, I ask him, and all others not informed as to the aims and social significance of the Gaelic

League, to reflect on the meaning of the economic fact contained in the following press despatch, which was published in *The Toronto Sunday World*, issue of May 9, 1909:

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid has presented her grandson with the most exquisite and costly christening robe, a veritable work of art, in Irish lace as fine as cobweb. It is valued at over \$5,000. It was ordered through Lady Aberdeen, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the Irish Industries Association.

Fifteen years ago, even if we suppose that costly Irish lace "fine as cobweb" could have been produced in Ireland, there was no incentive for the people to engage themselves in an art in which, as the results past and present prove, the Irish have no superiors amongst the nations of the world. And, as I shall show, the Gaelic League is directly and chiefly responsible for the spiritual renaissance which inevitably and naturally has effected the industrial renaissance in Erin,—which, for example, has made possible that costly specimen of Irish lace "fine as cobweb," the product of native Irish art and The Irish Industries Association. Yet, despite this economic fact, it must be said by our critic (who, evidently, does not understand the nature and psychological genesis of ideas which are powerful over the heart and imagination) that the Gaelic League does not stand for and promote creative ideas.

The fact reported in the press despatch quoted is only one of many others which help me to define the problem of this essay,—which is a problem in social psychology: namely, to show, primarily, that *the linguistic and literary renaissance begun and carried on in Ireland by the Gaelic League has a direct and vital connection with the social, artistic and industrial revival in Erin*; that the former is related to the latter as *cause to effect, means to end*; and that the results so far clearly establish the *right* of the Irish Gaels to effectuate a rational continuation of their original spiritual gifts, history, social and industrial economy.

This is a glorious ideal, born of Love and Beauty. To labor freely, gladly, and with an eye single, for the realization of this ideal, as all genuine Gaelic Leaguers do, is a positive service to humanity—a service as generous and noble as was ever performed for the enfranchisement of the spirit of man.

J. D. LOGAN.

Tara Hall, Toronto, 1909.

INTRODUCTION

Is gorm na cnuic 'tha fada uainn,—the land of enchantment beckons us from afar,—runs a Gaelic proverb.* And so, because I know thoroughly the potency of the Gaelic spirit in culture, art and industry, I want my utterances in this essay to be taken, not as a prophecy, but as an inspiration, which shall impel those who have not done so, to enter the far-off world of the Keltic dawn, the Keltic bright-day and the Keltic twilight, that they may feel, as the veritable Gael feels, the strange beauty of the Kelt's imaginative apprehension of nature and of human life, and that thus they may for themselves come to experience the poignant grief of a people who have had their spiritual birthright ruthlessly taken from them, and of the company of compatriots who, as members of the Gaelic League, are freely giving their thought, energy and money to the work of restoring to the Irish Gaels their birthright,—namely, the sane self-government, the industrial independence and the pre-eminence in art and literature of their ancient forbears.

The title of this essay, "The Making of the New Ireland," is singularly appropriate to the subject-matter, defining, as it does, the nature and limits of my problem, which is, as I remarked in my preface, a problem in social psychology. For what is of chief importance is not the fact itself that there is a new Ireland, but the question of how—through what spiritual ideals and methods—it came into being. After I have explained the origin of the new Ireland, I shall show what ancient Erin has contributed in a single field to the culture of the world and thus justify the right of the Irish Gaels to a "rational continuation" of their glorious past.

* Literally—Green are the hills that are far from us.



I.

The Ideals and Methods of the Gaelic League

At the outset let this truth be embedded in the mind of every Irish Protestant and of every Irish Catholic—indeed, in the mind of every inhabitant of the British Empire—that the Gaelic League is neither a literary nor a political organization as such. In aim and offices this genuinely patriotic organization is strictly SOCIAL.*

It was founded in 1892 by seven men of differing political and religious creeds, of whom the most distinguished was and is Dr. Douglas Hyde, president of the Gaelic League. Its members are not actuated and bound together by hatred of England, but by love of Ireland. A clause in its constitution declares it non-political and non-sectarian: and equal suffrage obtains in its meetings, councils and officership. The extreme significance of these clauses may be judged from the fact that Ireland has for generations been known as "the home of lost causes," because the people themselves were divided by politics and creed; but now, as it happens, in the Gaelic League they are united by a common bond,—love for the honor and glory of Erin. All social and sex distinctions are taboo. In the Gaelic League the scholar, the statesman, the socially distinguished greet the laborer, the artisan, the clerk with cheerful words and handshakes of good-will and brotherhood. And the *colleens* are as active as the men in study, councils, debates, office and propagandism. In short, in the Gaelic League every type of Irishman is welcomed to the cause of restoring to Ireland the culture and civilization which are native to the peculiar gifts, genius and energy of the Gael.

Now, unfortunately, the clause in the constitution which emphasizes the importance of the linguistic and literary study of Irish by the members of the Gaelic League has been construed by the outside world into a special and narrow meaning, as if really the Gaelic League movement were merely a literary fad

* I use this term in the Aristotelian sense (see his *Politics*, passim), namely, to connote ideals and methods which are concerned with promoting and perfecting the spiritual life of communities and nations.

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and as if the cultural studies of the organization had no direct and vital connection with the larger social and industrial problems and life of the whole Irish people. It is precisely the actual living connection which does exist between the study of the language and literature of Ireland and its present-day social and industrial life that justifies the existence and work of the Gaelic League. For, as another has said,

"It is the industrial phase of the League's work that is of special interest and import to the outside world. It matters little to people of America whether the Donegal farmer and the Dublin shopkeeper salute each other in Gaelic or in English; it matters much that in the family of nations one more land is awakening to a sense of national self-consciousness and is reaching out towards the things which make for national and, as a direct outcome, international prosperity.

"A true Gaelic Leaguer not only speaks Irish, but thinks Irish, feels Irish, exploits all that is Irish. The cry everywhere is 'Irish manufactures for the Irish consumer,' and it is due to the efforts of the League that there has recently come into being an Irish trademark which bears the Gaelic legend '*Déanta in Éirinn*' (Made in Ireland). This increased demand for Irish products bids fair to realize the dream of the instigators that a flourishing commerce may soon be reared in Ireland, while already existing plants are finding themselves taxed to their utmost to fill the orders pouring in, and new industries are springing up everywhere.

"In America the results are likewise apparent, for the tide of emigration, which has been annually sending 40,000 exiles from Erin to this country, is being stayed. No longer do the tenants of small farms, too small to support an extensive family, and the underfed population of Dublin or Belfast look to America as their only hope. Work is everywhere about them, whether at tweed, linen or carpet loom, at press, desk or counter, or in fields rendered doubly arable by a newly awakened productive intelligence."

But before showing what precisely is the psychological connection between the literary study of Irish and the industrial revival in Ireland, for both of which the Gaelic League is responsible, let me quote the contents of a press despatch from Dublin to the *New York Sun*, under the date September 20, 1908, dealing with the industrial exhibits at the "Oireachtas," or national Gaelic festival, the chief annual event of the Keltic revival,—a

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festival which lasts a week and which seems to foreshadow the ultimate social and industrial unification of the Irish Gaels. The despatch says :

“ During the entire week the industrial section held an exhibition which was visited by interested throngs. The section devoted to the Dun Emer Guild was presided over by Miss Gleeson, and no exhibits were more admired than her beautiful rugs and enamels.

“ The designs are for the most part the work of Miss Gleeson, but, if desired, copies are made of Oriental carpets, for the method of weaving is that which has been employed in the East for centuries. The wool used is grown, dyed and spun at Athlone, the looms are of Irish wood and Irish manufacture, and Miss Gleeson’s designs are mainly modifications of Keltic ornaments and tracery.

“ There was also a varied collection of exhibits from the Irish Art Companies of Dublin, linens, muslins, hosiery from Balbriggan, pottery and sculpture. An interesting display was the showing of the Kilkenny Woodworkers, an association of craftsmen who are turning out some hand carving and joinery. They exhibited a number of pieces of furniture and a series of book-cases on the American sectional plan, decorated with carved Keltic tracery.

“ Unique in the annals of Irish agriculture was the display of the Irish Tobacco Company. It consisted of a large quantity of cigars and cigarettes, all made in Ireland from Irish grown tobacco. The cultivation of the leaf has lately been extensively entered into by Lord Dunraven, Lord Barrymore, Col. Everard of Randlestown and others, and offers a new field for the Irish husbandman.

“ There were, of course, many specimens of tweed, linen, lace and embroideries ; there were poplins, hats—both felt and straw—travelling rugs, books—both English and Irish—stationery and papers of various kinds, and a goodly showing of Irish made bicycles. An important industry having a place in the exhibition is that of grain products, and an appeal is made to the public not to let millions of money go out of the country for the purchase of foreign ground flour when an Irish manufactured article can be supplied to them.

“ These and many other exhibits illustrate one phase of the Gaelic League’s endeavors. It may almost be said, two phases, for symbolizing, as they do, the industrial advancement of the

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Irish people, they also bespeak an intellectual progress. The hand which guided shuttle, needle, chisel or machine was in turn guided by a reinvigorated mind, a reanimated intelligence, a newly aroused ambition and social pride.

"For the fulfilment of such ideals the Gaelic League stands, and for their achievement have toiled these sixteen years the members and their chief, Dr. Douglas Hyde. Poet, Shanachie and historian, he has labored to create an Ireland true to herself."

We may now at once signalize the real and vital psychological connection between the linguistic and literary study of Irish inaugurated and promoted by the Gaelic League and the social reconstruction (in the large sense) of Ireland. How to bring about the spiritual renaissance of the Irish Gaels—how to save Ireland from herself—this was the problem of Dr. Hyde and his colleagues in the Gaelic League. This is, as I have said, a problem in social psychology. The way to revivify the Irish mind and heart and imagination—to instil the Irish Gaels with noble ambitions and incite them to achieve social unity and win back their pre-eminence in industry and art is by cultural studies of the native language and literature and a revival of their national arts, music, customs and pastimes. For the spirit of a people is fundamentally bound up in the mother-tongue; and when the treasured language of a race is restored to them, the pristine spirit of that race is reawakened, the national traditions rekindle the national pride, and the racial gifts effloresce into fresh beauty and glory.

The Gaelic League has worked to give back to the Irish people their mother-tongue and their native culture: the result of these cultural and humanistic studies has been a new racial vitality—the spiritual, economic and social renaissance of the Irish Gaels. Thus viewed, the movement inaugurated and promoted by the Gaelic League in Ireland is seen to be no anæmic literary fad but essentially a method and means for the spiritual enfranchisement of a brilliantly gifted race.

II.

The Glory of Gaelic Literature

The ancient Irish Gaels, I have said, were a brilliantly gifted people. It is the peculiar intellectual and imaginative gifts and the contribution of their forbears to the culture of the world that establishes the right of the present-day Irish to a continuation of their past. I choose their literary past as typical of their great genius. I cannot, within my compass, undertake to show in detail the glory of Keltic literature. I can only refer sincere students to the poetry and to the prose romances of the ancient Gaels, the best of which by infinite labor have been discovered, edited and translated into English. But, as I have said in the "Epistle in Criticism," introductory to my *Preludes* (a volume of verse), "not in any other literature, Semitic, Grecian, Roman, Teutonic, are there such enthralling tales of heroic love and adventure as in these inimitable sagas of the ancient Kelts. There is no other love-story as such that approaches in simplicity and dignity and spiritual exaltation the story of the great-souled Naoise (pronounced Neesha) and matchless Deirdre (pronounced Derdra). . . . And not the exploits of Samson, Achilles, Aeneas, Siegfried, are so overwhelmingly magnificent (in the etymological sense) as those of the incomparable Gaelic hero, Cuchulain (Coooolin), majestic in life and unutterably majestic in death."

Let us for the moment put the matter to a critical test. The common belief is that there is nothing in literature comparable to the exploits of Homer's Achilles and Hector. Yet if one compare the death of Hector with that of Cuchulain one must admit that the Homeric story of the incidents about Hector's death are profoundly unheroic.

In the XXII. book of the *Iliad* we read how Hector comes boldly forth to fight Achilles, but the approach of that hero so fills Hector with fright that he turns and flees. What could be more unheroic—it is positively ludicrous—than the picture Homer gives us of the mighty Hector fleeing round the walls of Troy, three times in succession, with Achilles in pursuit, and both going it lickety-split, with no gain for one or the other? And had it not been for the deception practised on Hector by Pallas Athene there would have been no dead hero. The fleeing epi-

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sode is unheroic enough, but the assistance given by the goddess in bringing about the death of Hector renders the episode positively ignoble. On the other hand, contrast the death of Hector with that of Cuchulain. Translated from the Gaelic the account runs thus: "As Cuchulain sprang forth Lewy MacConroi pierced him through the bowels. Then fell the great hero of the Gael after a hundred fights. Thereat the sun darkened, and the earth trembled, when with a crash fell that pillar of heroism, and that flame of the warlike valor of Erin was extinguished. . . . Then Cuchulain, raising his eyes, saw northwards from the lake a tall pillar-stone, the grave of a warrior slain there in some ancient war. With difficulty he reached it, and he leaned awhile against the pillar, for his mind wandered and he knew nothing for a space. After that he took off his brooch, and removing his torn girdle, he passed it round the top of the pillar, where there was an indentation in the stone, and passed the ends under his arms and around his breast, tying with languid hands a loose knot, which soon was made fast by the weight of the dying hero. Thus his enemies beheld him standing with drawn sword in his hand and the rays of the setting sun bright on his panic-striking helmet. So stood Cuchulain, even in death-pangs a terror to his enemies, for a deep spring of stern valor was opened in his soul and the might of his unfathomable spirit sustained him. So died he, Cuchulain the Unconquerable."

There we have humanity heroic in conception, and the essential quality of sublimity. We cannot read the account of the death of Hector and feel uplifted; there is no sublimity in the Homeric treatment or art. But one, whether a Gael or not, cannot read that account of the death of Cuchulain the Unconquerable and not thrill with the majestic nobility and pathos of it.

Surely the genius that created such a hero of romance, surely the Keltic genius, thus stamps itself as unique in imaginative art. But this is only an episode from one of scores of the romantic tales created by the Gaelic genius; the literature already rescued and preserved is full of the most entrancing stories of love and adventure—and every one genuinely heroic. The Cuchulain episode is enough to give one the merest inkling of the literary treasures one may expect to find if one explore the mines of ancient Gaelic romance,—a contribution absolutely *sui generis* to the great literature of the world. For the instinctive artistic ideal of the Gaels was to represent beautiful and heroic life. And this, says Fiona (Feena) MacLeod, is the ideal which "has

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lain below the spiritual passion of all great art in every period. Phidias knew it when he culled a white beauty from the many Athenian youth, and Leonardo when he discerned the inexplicable in woman's beauty and painted Mona Lisa, and Palestrina when from the sound in the pines and the voice of the wind in solitudes and the songs of the laborers at sundown he wove a solemn music for cathedral aisles. With instinct, the old Keltic poets and romanticists knew it: there are no Breton ballads nor Cymric mabinogion, nor Gaelic sgeulan which deal ignobly with petty life. All the evil passions may obtain there (in their writings), but they move against a spiritual background of pathetic wonder, of tragic beauty and tragic fate."

The Gaels, we must remember, were the creators of the authentic romance; this was their first gift to European literature, and in the art of prose romance they have never yet been surpassed or even equalled. But they were as original and supreme in verse as in prose. The poetry of the ancient Gaelic bards is the most remarkable in any literature for the complexity of its technics and formal structure. Unfortunately, the very complexity of its structure was so dominant over its content that it cannot appeal to the modern mind. But with the decay of the bardic school of Gaelic poetry in the 16th and 17th centuries, a body of romantic verse was created by the Highland and Irish Gaels which is "probably the most sensuous attempt to convey music in words ever made by man." The bardic system was based on consonantal rhyme and variations in the number of syllables to the line. The new Gaelic prosody introduced into European literature vowel rhyme and accentual rhythm—which are the chief element of all modern verse. This was the second great contribution of the Gaels to the literature of the world—and, like prose romance, it was a contribution original and creative.

The honor of having first employed the romantic prosody belongs to the Highlands and a woman, Mary, the daughter of Alaster Rua MacLeod, who lived about the middle of the 16th century. But the honor belongs equally to the Irish Gaels; for from the occupation of Ireland and Scotland by the Kelts until the second quarter of the 18th century, whatever may have been the case with the spoken language, the written language of the two countries was absolutely identical, and Highland and Irish bards and harpers were continually passing from one land to the other. That is to say, the new romantic prosody—the sensuous

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music of words by vowel rhymes and accentual rhythm—was the product of the Gaelic race, and its inestimable gift to the literary world.

The outburst of lyrical poetry by the Highland and Irish Gaels was simultaneous and wonderful. Scores upon scores of beautiful metres were invented, recondite many of them with melody that became too sweet and cloying. Here is an example Englished by Dr. Hyde, to indicate faintly the luscious sweetness of the new Gaelic vowel music, in which three words follow each other in each line, all making a different vowel-rhyme:

O *swan* BRIGHTLY GLEAMING o'er *ponds* WHITELY BEAMING,
Swim *on* LIGHTLY CLEAVING and *flashing* through sea,
The *wan* NIGHT is LEAVING my *fond* SPRITE in GRIEVING
Beyond SIGHT, or SEEING thou'rt *passing* from me.

"These beautiful and recondite measures," says Dr. Douglas Hyde, in his learned but saddening account of the literary history of the Irish Gaels—"these beautiful and recondite measures were meant apparently to imitate music. They did not all come into vogue at the same time, but reached their highest pitch of perfection and melody about the middle of the eighteenth century, when the Irish (Gaels), deprived by the [English] Penal Laws of all possibility of bettering their condition or of educating themselves could do nothing but sing, which they did, in every county of Ireland, with all the sweetness of the dying swan."

When, therefore, a present-day Gael hears the language and literature of his forefathers spoken of slightly, he may, with truth and just pride, reply that his ancestors created not only the form and models of modern romantic prose and wrote it with incomparable beauty, but also all the characteristic elements of European verse, namely rhyme and accentual rhythm, and verbal melody.

Oh, the pity of it, and the bitter, bitter irony of cruel fate, that the very people who have given to English literature the elements which have made that literature the wonder of the world should by the deliberate plans of the English have their spiritual life crushed out of them and be prevented from learning their own language and from continuing to create genuine Gaelic literature.

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"The last tragedy for broken nations," says Fiona MacLeod, "is not the loss of power and distinction, nor even the loss of that independence which is so vital to the common weal. It is not, perhaps, even the loss of country. The last tragedy and saddest is when the treasured language dies slowly out, when winter falls upon the legendary remembrance of a people. Such a people is the Gaelic people—the small Gaelic remnant in the Scottish Highlands and in the Isles—and the remnant in Ireland. This people is unable or unwilling to accept the bitter solace of absorption in the language, the written thought, the active, omnipresent and variegated energy of the dominant race. It has to keep silence more and more, and soon it, too, will be silent."

There are many now—nay, thousands—who do not believe this, and the belief has resulted in what is called "The Keltic Literary Movement," "The Gaelic Renaissance." Now, I could not impress upon my readers the meaning and sanity of this movement or renaissance unless I had shown them, as I hope I have done, something of the glorious literary achievement and heritage of the Gaels, and the splendid elements and qualities which the Gaels have contributed to the substance and form of European prose and poetry. Their wonderful literary history and their contributions to literature constitute the *right* of the Gaels to have their literary present made a rational continuation of the past by a revival of their language and literary traditions.

The ideal is eminently a worthy one, but it has its ill effects and its good effects. To understand this we must bear in mind that the phrase "the Keltic movement" and the phrase "the Gaelic revival" represent two altogether different methods in the continuation of the Keltic present with the Keltic past. The first is altogether a literary movement as such, and its productions are properly designated "Anglo-Keltic" literature. The original father of this movement was Thomas Davis, who created the so-called "Young Ireland School" about the middle of the nineteenth century. But this movement was doomed to failure, first, because it was an attempt to compete with the English in their own style, language and models; secondly, because the literary productions of Davis and his band of brilliant writers, being in English, could not reach, much less touch and fire, the hearts of the Gaelic-speaking people; and thirdly, because, in the last analysis, the movement was essentially journalistic rather than literary. The "Young Ireland

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School" produced for the most part fugitive verse, and amongst these authors only John Mitchell wrote with such literary excellence of style and substance as to deserve to have his name and writings live; but he left no disciples or inheritors.

From the ashes of the "Young Ireland School" at length arose another band of Anglo-Keltic writers, of whom the best known are Fiona MacLeod, of Scotland, and W. B. Yeats, of Ireland. The present Anglo-Keltic movement is a definitively literary movement; but the defect of this group of authors is that they give us writings which are really appreciations of the temper of ancient Gaelic literature rather than embodiments of its substance, form and essential spirit. The writings of W. B. Yeats, George Russell, Katharine Tynan, Moira O'Neill, Ethna Carbery, Patrick Colum, Seumas O'Sullivan, Frances Wynne, Seumas McManus, Shan Bullock, Dr. Todhunter, Nora Hopper, Percival Graves and others are really expressions of literary art in the English, not the Gaelic form of thought. I will quote an example of what I mean by English form of thought suffused with Gaelic color but not in the Gaelic form of thought.

THE GRAY AND THE GREEN.

The gray streets of London are grayer than the stone,
The gray streets of London where I must walk alone;
The gray city pavements are hard to tread, alas!
My heart and feet are aching for the Irish grass.

Far down the winding boreen the grass is soft as silk,
The wind is sweet as honey, the hedges white as milk;
Gray dust and grayer houses are here, and skies like brass,—
The lark is singing, soaring, o'er the Irish grass.

The gray streets of London stretch out a thousand mile,
O dreary walls and windows, and never a song or smile;
Heavy with money-getting, the sad gray people pass—
There's gold in drifts and shallows in the Irish grass.

God built the pleasant mountains and blest the fertile plain,
But in this sad gray London, God knows I go in pain.
O, brown as any amber and clear as any glass,
The streams my heart hears calling from the Irish grass.

The gray streets of London they say are paved with gold;
I'd rather have the cowslips that two small hands could hold;
I'd give the yellow money the foolish folk amass
For the dew that's gray as silver on the Irish grass.

I think that I'll be going before I die of grief,
The wind from o'er the mountains will give my heart relief;
The cuckoo's calling sweetly, calling in dreams, alas!
Come home, come home, acushla, to the Irish grass.

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Now, anyone with a sense of rhythm and rhyme by studying Gaelic history and Gaelic sentiment could produce such a poem. The poem quoted, though tender and beautiful, sounds very much as if it were city made. On the other hand, contrast it with Moira O'Neill's "Corrymeela," and you will experience something of the Gael's appreciation of nature and intense love of place, uttered in this poem with a simplicity, pathos and humor which reach the heart:

CORRYMEELA.

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' thru the heat
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"God save ye, colleen dhas," I said: the girl she thought me wild.
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortal hard to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again—
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one roof before an English town!
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

All that we may, then, justly say of Mr. Yeats and his school is that their writings are Gaelic (1) in so far as the form adopted is lyrical; (2) in so far as the themes are the simplest aspects of nature and human life, and (3) in so far as there appears in them the Gael's intense bitterness against the Sassenach. But in criticism it must be observed that their writings are Anglo-Keltic by virtue of the fact that (1) their language, style and form of thought are essentially English, and that (2) their simplicity, pathos and humor are not spontaneous, but studied

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and manufactured in the literary laboratory. In short, beautiful as these writings are, they are recrudescences of sentimentalism and symbolism—Gaelic only in fortuitous outward semblance, not in the inner heart and soul.

The only genuine Gaelic revival is that inaugurated by the Gaelic League, chiefly because its method is psychological and social—inward and constructive, concerned with radical spiritual forces, the native genius of the Irish Gaels. The results of the efforts of the Gaelic League have been already far-reaching: in a decade and a half thousands and thousands of Kelts in Ireland and America and now in Canada are studying the Irish language and literature. The same spirit is alive in Scotland. Chairs of Keltic exist in Dublin, Oxford, Edinburgh, the Catholic University of Washington, Harvard, and, to the credit of Canada, in Dalhousie University and St. Francis Xavier College in little Nova Scotia. The creative literary results, however, are so far necessarily nil. Yet this genuine Gaelic revival must have its issue in a new literature; for the springs of inspiration will come from the study and acquiring of the language, and all that is needed further is the ready power to express Gaelic thought in Gaelic literary form; and time and practice will bring skill in these.

To be a worker in the Gaelic League is, as I said in my preface, to serve not only Ireland, but also humanity, because it is part of the supreme moral task of enfranchising and exalting the spirit of man.

I hold to this.

DHO CHUM GLOIRE DHE AGUS ONORA NA H-EIREANN.

CRIOCH. R. H. B.

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